of earth and sea

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# of earth and sea

by peacefrog

Summary

Hannibal emerges from the ocean like a God, and Will swears he can feel the ground quake, Poseidon come to claim his kingdom.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal emerges from the ocean like a God, and Will swears he can feel the ground quake, Poseidon come to claim his kingdom. Water beads down his arms and across the broad expanse of his shoulders. He turns to the sea once his feet hit sand, his back sculpted and marred, all lean muscle and scar tissue. Will drinks him in as he approaches, little blue swim shorts leaving very little to his overactive imagination, elegant and obscene.

“Will you not join me?” Hannibal asks, falling down on the blanket next to Will, patting his face with a towel.

Will’s eyes drag across Hannibal’s tanned skin, stopping to meet his gaze. “Enjoying the view for now.”

Lines form around Hannibal’s eyes when he smiles. “Is there something else on your mind?” he asks. “We don’t have to keep secrets. You can tell me anything, Will.”

Will knows Hannibal can read him with absolute clarity. There’s no point in denying what’s painted all over his face. “I find you very attractive,” he says. “Which is…”

Hannibal is not unaffected by Will’s words, swallowing thickly before he speaks. “Unexpected?”

“No. I think I’ve always known. Maybe I’m just now allowing myself to feel it.”

“And what do you plan to do about it?” Hannibal falls back on his elbows, chest rising as he arches his back. “I’m yours, you know.”

“Are you?” Will drags his teeth across his bottom lip. Beads of water still cling to the hair of Hannibal’s chest. Will wants to lap at it with his tongue.

“Yes,” Hannibal assures him. “Tell me what you want.”

“Just… let me touch you.”

“You may touch me wherever you’d like, Will.” The thick rumble of Hannibal’s voice drips like honey across Will’s skin, arousal rippling up from his bones.

The first tentative touch is a live wire, sparks shooting through Will’s fingers as he drags them down the rise of Hannibal’s belly. It’s softer than the rest of him, less defined and achingly human. Will pushes his hand up to rest in the very center of Hannibal’s chest, feeling the rise and fall with each steady breath. His breathing is deep and even, calculatingly so, the rapid thud of his heart beneath Will’s palm betraying his calm demeanor.

“Do you like that?” Will asks, his own heart hammering in his throat as he draws his hand across the solid muscle of Hannibal’s pectorals, grazing his nipples. His eyes fall down to hard line of Hannibal’s cock stretching the front of his shorts. “I guess you do.”

The sight makes Will’s own cock thicken between his legs, mouth flooding with hunger and desire. Hannibal groans and throws his head back, exposing the curve of his throat as Will

gets to his knees. “Stay there,” he says, drawing shaky breaths as he presses the heel of his hand against Hannibal’s erection.

“*Will*.” Hannibal says Will’s name like he’s drowning. Like the tide has rushed in to drag them both steadily below, an offering to the deep.

“God, Hannibal.” Will’s heart stutters as he grips Hannibal through his shorts, his own arousal dizzying as he feels the weight of it in his hand. “You’re beautiful.”

“So are you.” Hannibal’s cheeks are flushed and his mouth hangs open, damp strands falling into his eyes.

“Lift up for me,” Will says, tugging at the waistband of Hannibal’s shorts. He pulls them down mid-thigh, Hannibal’s cock hard and smacking off his belly as it’s freed to the mid-afternoon air. Will has to squeeze his eyes shut for a moment, the sight before him overwhelming.

When he opens them again, Hannibal has his own hand wrapped around his shaft. “Are you alright?” he asks.

“Don’t,” Will says, pulling Hannibal’s fingers away and slowly replacing them with his own. Hannibal is so hard his pulse thuds in Will’s hand.

He’s slick, pre-come dribbling from his slit and down his foreskin, the shiny head of his cock peeking through. Will’s tongue aches to taste, but he can’t bear the thought of tearing his eyes away. Will draws Hannibal’s foreskin back completely, slicking him with the smooth glide of his hand from tip-to-base. Hannibal braces his feet on the ground below, hips twitching up into Will’s grip.

“*Yes*,” Will barely recognizes the words ripping out of him. “Use my hand. Fuck yourself with it.”

Hannibal grunts, fingers bunching the blanket as he presses up into Will’s hand, cock sliding into the tight fist wrapped around him and, oh, he’s so thick and dripping sticky-wet, pulsing against Will’s fingers, leaking so much it drips down Will’s knuckles as Hannibal fucks.

“Tell me, Will,” Hannibal’s wrecked growl of a voice makes Will’s balls draw tight, the throb between his legs bordering on unbearable. “Will you let me return the favor? Will you let me touch you?”

“Yes, oh god, Hannibal, *yes*.” Will tightens his hold, dragging his free hand through the sweat glistening on Hannibal’s chest as he uses Will’s grip as surely as it was his own.

“I would like to please you, Will, use my hands on you, my mouth…” A sob rips from Hannibal’s throat as he struggles to keep his eyes lock on Will’s. “I’d let you fuck me, you know.”

Will’s capacity for speech flies away with the gulls soaring overhead, a desperate whimper escaping him as he pulls his hand away and straddles Hannibal’s knee. He bends down and

suckles the tip of Hannibal's cock into his mouth as he grinds his own aching cock down into Hannibal's thigh. Hannibal's taste is sharp on his tongue, something borne of earth and sea.

"I would gladly keep myself prepared for you at all hours," Hannibal pants out, gripping the nape of Will's neck as he continues to suck and lap at Hannibal's cock head, slurping pre-come in between his lips. "You could take what you need from me without question, any time you want, I would allow you to have me anywhere."

Hannibal gives one short buck of his hips, the velvety slide of his cock across Will's tongue all it takes before he's coming in a thick burst into Will's mouth. Will swallows down the taste of him as he rides Hannibal's thigh, so close to the edge he ruts against Hannibal's skin like an animal.

Hannibal's shaking hands attempt to steady Will's erratic thrusts. "Will. Come here and let me taste you. Please."

Will laps the remainder of Hannibal's release from his lips as he sits back on his heels and catches his breath. Hannibal tugs at his shorts and grips his ass, beckoning Will to his mouth. Will obliges with limbs drawn tight, making his way up to straddle Hannibal's chest, his shorts pulled down around his ass, erection springing free as Hannibal wraps one strong hand around him.

"I'm not gonna last," Will warns as Hannibal relentlessly tugs at his slick arousal.

"I don't need you to." Hannibal's tongue darts out in anticipation, and the sight is more than Will can bear.

Will cries out, spilling all over Hannibal's eager mouth, falling down to brace his hands on the blanket as Hannibal strokes him through his quaking orgasm. Hannibal moans like a man that's been starved. Like a man that's never once been nourished. Like a man that has finally had his fill.

"My dear Will," Hannibal drawls as Will sprawls out on the blanket beside him, chest heaving to regain control. "You taste like life itself."

The waves swell in Will's ears, sun overhead dipping to the west, evening drawing near. He reaches over and laces Hannibal's fingers in his own. "Did you mean what you said?" he asks, dragging his thumb across the smooth skin of Hannibal's hand.

"Every word," Hannibal says. "Every word and more."

End Notes

original prompt on tumblr here.

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